Hannictober 2021 -The Pumpkin Carving Contest

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Hannictober 2021 -The Pumpkin Carving Contest

by APastandFutureNerd

Summary

Will Graham and Abigail take part in the annual pumpkin carving contest in Reston, Virginia. There they meet Randall and his father Hannibal Lecter. Will dislikes the arrogant alpha at first and wants to kill him when Randall insults his Abby, but he can't resist his attraction to him..

Notes

Hello lovely readers!

This is a Twitter fic which I expanded into a larger oneshot. You may have read it if you follow me on Twitter, but in a slightly shorter and messier version.

It's based on a prompt of the Hannictober prompt list and on my experiences with carving my pumpkin two days ago 😅

Hannibal and Randall may be a little out of character here, I didn't know how else to make Will riled up at the beginning. Sorry.

Enjoy!

Happy spooky season 👻

Lots of love,

Nerd

“Daddy, do you really think we’re going to win?” Abigail asked. She stood next to Will and watched him work on the big, decapitated pumpkin with a doubtful expression on her pretty face.

Will stopped cutting into the flesh of the pumpkin and smiled at her. “We have to believe,” he said, though he didn’t have great hopes for the trophy himself. “I think the most important thing is to have fun. Do you have fun, Abby?”

Abigail nodded and smiled. “Yes, gutting the pumpkin was nice.” A murderous glint lay in her eyes. Her hands were still yellow from scooping out the sticky flesh.

“See,” Will replied with a wide smile, amused by her murderous gaze. “This is the right attitude. “

She laughed. Her light laugh carried so much joy and innocence. It was the most precious thing to him. As long Abby was happy, Will was, too.

Will straightened his body and gaped at the half-carved pumpkin in front of him. He stretched his legs after kneeling on the ground for so long. His gaze then roamed over the works of the competitors in the other corners of the tent. As both he and Abigail were sensitive to loud noises, pheromones, and crowds, they chose a rather quiet corner.

There were truly stunning pumpkins with detailed faces or other patterns. Meanwhile, theirs was a rather basic Jack O‘ Lantern with two evil eyebrows, triangle-shaped eyes, and a triangle-shaped nose. The mouth had not been cut out yet. To Will it was one of the most challenging tasks.

A young slender boy with short black hair and brown eyes passed by the tables and finally reached theirs. He was accompanied by a tall man with slicked back mouse-blonde hair and prominent cheekbones, wearing a tailored maroon duffle coat. The man carried a pumpkin in front of him.It surpassed Will’s version of Jack O’ Lantern by far.

They had carved an impressive castle with several towers and a pathway winding up to the main bridge into the big orange pumpkin. Above the castle circled black crows. There was even a figure looking like a princess standing on one of the tiny balconies.

Will glared at both the man and the boy with jealousy and disdain. He disliked the rich, privileged alphas with their bratty sons who thought they could humiliate others just because they had money and a higher standing in society. The omega remained silent at first and nodded at the man who granted him a polite smile. Will saw darkness swirling in the other man’s hazel eyes. A predator, definitely of the manipulative sort. Maybe he had even committed murder.

“Hannibal Lecter. It’s a pleasure to meet you.”

The amber eyes stayed fixed on him but Will swore that there was hunger and interest in the alpha‘s eyes. As soon as he‘d turn away he would check his body out. Typical alpha behavior.

As if it wasn't enough, that guy was attractive and his body reacted to the cocktail of pheromones. Ugh.

"Will Graham," Will replied in an abrasive tone, his eyes flickering back to his pumpkin when the eye contact became too intense.

As innocent as she was, Abigail ignored the intense eye contact of the men, the hostile tension, and beamed at the boy. "Hi, what's your name?" Abigail asked, offering her hand, just like her daddy taught her.

The young boy gave her a cold and calculating look. He didn't offer her his hand back "I'm Randall." He eyed their pumpkin once again. "You're not going to win this competition," he said, crossing his arms over his chest.

Abigail narrowed her big blue eyes and cocked her head."Why?" She asked.

"Because it's ugly. You don't have talent," Randall taunted her, his grin widening.

In warning, his father placed a hand on his shoulder.

"Randall, that's not nice," he scolded him quietly but Randall continued.

"You're an embarrassment to this contest. Letting your daddy do all the work."

Abigail clenched her fists, her eyes beginning to water. Heart-shattering sobs escaped her. She fled into Will's arms.

Will reacted instantly, took her in his arms, and shot a cold sideways glance at the boy called Randall. Abigail hid her face in his chest and inhaled his comforting omega scent.

Seeing the young omega's distress, the man called Hannibal Lecter sighed. "Come, Randall, let us not bother these two any longer and submit our pumpkin. Do you want to have pumpkin spice chocolate while we wait?" Randall nodded and smiled.

Will let out a little, annoyed growl and gritted his teeth. His blue eyes flashed up. A sour scent, that of anger, came off his scent glands.

"Really? Do you reward your brat now? After what he has done to my Abigail?"

His hands curled into fists. The top of the scalpel draw a bead of blood from his hands due to the pressure exerted on it. Will didn't care.

Will's furious, ocean-blue eyes clashed with the dark pools of Lecter. The air was brimming with deadly tension unbeknownst to the cheerful families and the teenagers.

"In my personal opinion, it's impolite to tell other people how to raise or treat their children." He shifted his gaze to the pumpkin and then to his golden Rolex watch on his right wrist.

Will let out a derisive scoff.

“Good luck on finishing this pumpkin on time,” Lecter continued. “You only have fifteen minutes left until the winner is chosen. Goodbye.”

“Come, Randall,” he told his little boy. “Let’s get you a warm drink.” Randall’s eyes lightened up.

With a disgustingly arrogant smirk and a last look at their rather ordinary-looking pumpkin, he brushed past them. Will shot a withering glare at the tall alpha with the accent he couldn’t place. Maybe from Europe?

His inner beast roared. He imagined Lecter lying on the ground, his heart and guts ripped out, his eyes dead. Will would enjoy ripping pieces of his flesh and frying it in a pan for breakfast.

Abigail pulled him back to reality. He continued to rock her gently in his arms until her sobbing abated. Will wiped away the tears on her face.

“There, there. What about hot chocolate and marshmallows at home, hm?”

A timid smile appeared on her face. She seemed calmer now.

“Let‘s show them what we got.“

When her tears had dried and Will had encouraged her not to give up, he turned back to their neglected pumpkin. Using the tools, Will gave his best in making the mouth look presentable with some sharp vampire-like fangs. He was proud of them. Abigail cheered him on. She was still too small to do dangerous work with the tools and had instead scooped out the pumpkin. Will didn’t want her to accidentally cut off her precious fingers.

A gong resounded in the tent, indicating the end of the competition. Will checked his Jack O’ Lantern for the last time. He still looked like a version that any teenager could make but it couldn’t be helped.

The presenter, a petite woman with flamboyant, red curly hair, called Freddie Lounds, cleared her throat and spoke through the microphone. Will knew and despised her. He had no idea why she had chosen to moderate the contest. Either she got some extra money, he suspected, or she was here to stalk him.

“Dear participants. The contest is now closed. Please fill out the form with your name, entry number and come forward to place your pumpkins on the long table. Don't worry about the tools you borrowed, they will be taken care of. Stop working or you will be disqualified.” Her icy, blue-green eyes rested on Will and Abigail.

Some staff members hurried through the tent and started collecting the tools from the tables.

“Let’s go,” Will said to Abigail , feeling several eyes on him which made him uncomfortable. He filled out the tag and stuck the tag on the pumpkin, then grabbed and carried the Jack ‘O Lantern with his left arm, while offering Abigail his right hand.

After handing their mediocre pumpkin to a friendly staff member, they retreated to a corner, far away from the other contestants, other families with kids or teenagers. He didn't pay Hannibal any attention but felt his gaze burning into the back of his skull. Or even worse, his ass. Will didn't want to tilt his head but he *knew*.

The red-haired, sassy woman made her way along the lined-up tables covered with white plastic table cloths, taking a closer look at the pumpkins lined up on them, commenting on them before she turned to the jury sitting in front of a table on the stage.

At last, Freddie inspected their attempt at a vampire Jack o' Lantern. Abigail fidgeted and hid her face. Will noticed her uneasiness and squeezed her hand.

"Mhh…not very creative, to be honest," Freddie assessed. She tilted her head over her shoulder to make eye contact with the judges.

"Judges, your scores?"

The jury members raised their signs with the numbers.

„3-4-5-3-3-4", she read out loudly.

"Well, I must say it is disappointing that a gifted crime scene analyst such as you, Mr. Graham, is so lousy at simple tasks."

A burst of amused laughter and a groan came from the crowd of other contestants. making Will's cheeks take on a shade of pink. Now he was definitely the centre of attention. He scowled at Lounds and imagined her brutal death. Her tongue would be cut out first while she was still alive.

It was unfortunate for Will that he knew the presenter Freddie Lounds from work or he would have done that already.

Abigail pouted. "Next time, Abby, next time," Will comforted her and kissed her head.

They wait patiently until the three winners are announced. Will rolled his eyes as Randall and Hannibal walked up to the stage to take the trophy. Lecter looked at him again and Will lowered his gaze, even if it was a sign of submission

Will and Abigail ended up in the third last place. At least not the very last rank. Actually, their work hadn't been the worst but for him, it wasn't exactly an achievement to be proud of.

When all the alphas with their families hurried out of the tent, and Will and Abigail wait until all the noisy people have gone, Hannibal and Randall walked over to them. Randall clutched the shiny pumpkin-shaped trophy in his hand.

"Agent Graham, if you want to spare yourself the embarrassment next time and you need any help from a *winner*, I could offer you some private lessons on artistic endeavors." Lecter taunted with another disgusting self-assured smile, handing out a business card. Randall grinned at Abigail who scowled at him and stuck out her tongue.

Will narrowed his eyes. “Leave us the fuck alone, Lecter ” he snarled. He grasped the hand of Abigail, turned his back on the man, and left the tent with his daughter, heading towards his grey Volvo with fast steps.

He opened the door on the passenger’s side, adjusted the children's seat, and helped Abigail climb into it, then fastened the seat belt and made sure she wouldn't slip out of the seat. Will headed to the driver’s side and got in.

There was still anger in him as he drove them back on the highway from Reston to Wolf Trap, But Will attempted not to show it. Abigail was clever, though. She sensed instantly what her daddy felt. “Do you want to make him disappear? Just like Mason?” Abigail asked, as if murder is a casual matter, observing her tense dad with her curious blue eyes. Will clutched the steering wheel too tightly. His white knuckles showed.“I think that Randall was rude. You can kill him.I don’t mind.”

Will should be shocked that Abigail *knew.* and accepted it but he wasn’t. Some sort of pride swelled in his chest. He gave her a gentle smile and patted her head. “Smart girl, I can’t hide anything from you,” he said with a light chuckle. He relaxed in his seat a little. The thought of murder had bloomed up twice during the few exchanges with Lecter and his son. To make it happen, he needed to find out more about Lecter. His business card was a great start. A part of him wondered why the alpha was so transparent about it.

Once they got out of their car and entered their home, Will released the dogs into the meadow stretching out into the distance.He watched them prancing in the field for a while, enjoying the view of the setting afternoon sun, then headed back to the porch, finding Abigail giving him an expectant look.

“Daddy, what about the hot chocolate with marshmallows you promised me?“

“Of course, my love. Just let me feed the dogs and I’ll make us a cup.”

When the chore was done, the dogs resting on their dog beds, they slumped into the cozy vintage couch in the living room, sipping their hot chocolate with marshmallows and watching Abigail’s favorite movie “ *Tim Burton’s Corpse Bride.”*

Well, Abigail watched more of it. Wil opened his laptop and logged in to search for more information on Hannibal Lecter.

And he found it.

Some newspapers showed Lecter in art galleries or at the opera, always dressed in the most stunning suits.

He was literally everywhere in the elite socialite circles. For example, he was part of the Baltimore Art Patron Community and some kind of Lion’s Club. Also, he belonged to the most renowned psychiatrist circle of Maryland.

Lecter was such a typical *alpha*. His inner omega instincts kicked in again. He would provide, protect and take care of him.

Alpha...

Will rolled his eyes, pushed his intrusive Omegan thoughts and yearnings for physical touch away, shut the laptop to focus on the movie again.

The next day, he called Beverly. Abigail would stay for the next few days at her house after pre-school. She understood why and didn't make any complaints. He gave Beverly an excuse that something important came up and she accepted it without further questioning. This is why he liked her so much. She never asked where he went when she had to babysit. On the other hand, Will didn't question what she was up to either.

When the call with Beverly was done, Will had to deal with an annoyed Jack on the phone. He didn't know how but he got off a whole week. Seven days to gather vital information and stalk Lecter, two days to murder him.

(Maybe. Maybe not. Will wasn't decided yet).

Some days later, darkness had already set in, Will drove up to Chandler Square in Baltimore, parking the car some yards away from the house. He had checked Lecter's daily routine from a safe distance in the last days. Everything should work out nicely.

Before getting out of the car, Will checked if he had everything, the knife, the gun, and the syringe with the drugs. Little did Will know that Hannibal was the Chesapeake Ripper and had been watching him with attentive eyes from the secure darkness of his home.

The omega quietly opened the front door with a tool, sneaked in, and shut it again. Then he walked the stairs. Everything was dark and silent. Too silent for his taste. He furrowed his eyebrows. Lecter was supposed to be at home, bringing Randall to bed and then composing on the harpsichord for a while. Unless he had changed his habits on purpose and left the house with Randall.

The realization that Hannibal Lecter *knew* and it had been a trap washed over him like ice-cold water.

Shit. What a fucking amateur he was.

He lingered there, in the upper corridor, working his brain. When he heard the squeaking and smelled the musk, it was too late to turn around to reach for his gun or his syringes. He whined as Hannibal, dressed in a plastic suit, pulled him in a headlock from behind and choked him.

He kicked and gasped for air but the alpha was stronger than him. A red glow lay in Hannibal's eyes. "Good evening, Mr. Graham," the alpha purred. He strokes Will's cheek lightly and nosed his curls, inhaling his sweet Omegan scent. "Or should I rather call you the Copycat Killer?" Will growled at him in response and tried to bite into his hands, but Lecter avoided it.

The alpha chuckled in amusement and tightened his headlock further.

“Now, behave my dear omega. You know better than I that alphas are physically superior.” Will didn’t answer. Couldn’t answer. He knew that he was about to slip into unconsciousness soon but also that he got his knife in his right pocket. It might be his last chance. Will slipped his hand into the pocket, unfolded the knife, and *stabbed.*

The omega stabbed blindly, hoping to hurt Lecter enough to distract him. An enraged howl and the loosening of the grip told Will that he had succeeded. Will freed himself from the grip and slammed Lecter against the wall behind him, their faces merely inches apart. It was Will who had the upper hand this time. He brought up the pocket knife and licked up the blood dripping from the handle.

“Now, now, Lecter,” he purred into the alpha’s ear. “What do you think?” He drank in the look of rage and inhaled the scent of distress and copper. Oh, how delicious. “One wrong move and you have the knife in your gut,” Will warned the alpha. “You would be gutted like a pumpkin. And what would poor Randall do without you?” He was cruel on purpose to gain a psychological advantage.

Hearing the threat, the alpha obeyed and held still. A victorious smirk graced Will’s face. All the nonsense that omegas were meek little creatures made Will livid. He was the best proof that omegas were not timid, shy things. “That’s good,” he breathed mockingly. “Good alpha.”

Having calmed down, Hannibal considered his options. He could lunge at Will and risk a fatal stab to the gut, which wouldn’t be smart because he had Randall to take care of, or he could offer him a partnership. He grunted in pain as he felt the blood gushing out of his hip. A deep wound, nothing fatal, but it needed to be taken care of later.

Hannibal stared into the feral ocean-blue eyes of the curly-haired omega. After meeting Will at the contest, he had underestimated him a lot. The darkness within Will Graham had huge potential. He desired to help him find his way of killing instead of copying others. Especially him.

“So..why don’t you kill me?” Hannibal pants out, still not moving. “Why not kill me and Randall and be done with it? You could defeat the Chesapeake Ripper. You could carry on my legacy.” The omega contemplated him with his icy, storm-blue eyes.

Yes, he had come here to kill, but oddly enough, he didn’t want to murder the alpha anymore. Was it because of the biological alpha/omega attraction? Because he revealed to be the Chesapeake Ripper, his favourite serial killer? Will had no idea. This had never happened to him with his usual alpha or beta victims.

Before he grasped what was happening, he bent forward to breach the distance. His lips met with Hannibal’s for some moment. The kiss deepened into something more energetic and passionate. He tousled Lecter’s hair with his free hand. Both kept moaning and groaning into their mouths and their tongues explored each other’s orifice. Will still kept the alpha pressed against the wall.

Arousal pooled in his crotch, his pants drenched with slick. Lecter’s bulge pressed against his crotch.It felt fucking good. It had been so long since he had sex…

The alpha began to nibble at his right earlobe, making Will emit another whorish sound and bare his vulnerable neck at the alpha. Sex pheromones made him dizzy. Just in time, he realized what would transpire now if he gave in to his instincts.

Oh, fuck. Oh, no.

He wanted to indulge his instincts so badly, but he didn't want to lose control over this situation and be *bonded*.With a violent push, Will freed himself of the alpha's efforts to draw him into sex and stumbled back. Lecter gave out a displeased noise.

"Will…", he growled, his eyes shining red in the darkness.

Ready to defend himself, Will held out his blood-smeared knife again, making the alpha stop again.

"I guess…I find you more interesting than at the beginning, Lecter," he said, raising his eyebrows and shooting him a flirtatious gazs. He took a few more steps back. "But tonight I'm not going to give you what you want unless you make Randall apologize. Buona notte," he whispered in melodic Italian and walked down the stairs backwards.

"Good night, Will," Hannibal whispered into the darkness. He pressed his sweater against the wound. The alpha remained in this position for a moment longer. inhaling Will's unique scent - pine, wood, and his bad aftershave, something with a ship on a bottle. That had been a very interesting night. He hoped to meet Will Graham again.

He would leave him a body.

Randall would have to apologize.

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